





BILLY THE KID

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Put Madulli Executive Edition

BIDTHE MID

THE OUTLAM'S TRAIL LED SOUTH,
ONER THE BORDER! A LAWMAN
WOULD'NE STOPPED AT THE RIO
GRANDE -- BUT BILLY THE KID
KEPT GOING, DETERMINED TO
GET ACE WILDER, THE MAN WHO'D
SLUGGED AND ROBBED HM / HE
FOLLOWED HIM RIGHT TO THE PLACE
OF EVIL THE PEONS CALLED













BILL BONNEY SHOULD'VE KNOWN BETTER ... BUT HE WAS TOO HAPPY TO BE CAREFUL LEAVING THE CAFE! AND HE PAID FOR HIS CARELESS-NESS ...



BILLY THE KID RECOVERED AN HOUR LATER! AND AT SUNDOWN HE WAS ALREADY ON THE TRAIL, HEADED SOUTH ...







WILDER KNEW HE WAS BEING FOLLOWED... BUT HE MADE FOLE TO SLOW HIS PURSUER DOWN UNTIL HE NEARED THE MOUNTAINS AND FOUND FRIENDS...







THE TRAIL LED STRAIGHT UP-WARD TO THE RANCHO MALO! BILLY THE KID LEARNED MORE ABOUT IT FROM A SHEEPHERDER...

SI, YOU ARE NEAR I'VE GOT RANCHO MALO! MANY BAD MEN THERE! DO NOT GO THERE!





Occupation	Zone County State	Addreis City	ART INSTRUCTION, INC., STUDIO 9607 500 South 4th Street, Minneepolis 15, Minnesoto Please enter my attached drawing in your contest. (PLEASE PRINT) AGE	
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LATER, NEAR THE TEXAS BORDER.

YOU LOOK HAPPY, SENOR! YOU SEE YOUR ! YEAH - HE'S IN JAIL WHERE HE CAN'T CHEAT ANY MORE HARMLESS YOUNG FELLERS LIKE ME, ADIOS, AMIGO!





in_ TROUBLE # 3'S

TWO BROTHERS HAD BUCKED
BILL BONNEYS BLAZING COLTSBILL BONNEYS BLAZING COLTSBILL BONNEYS BLAZING COLTSNOW THE THIRD WAS READY TO
DRAW THEY ID BEEN BACK-SHOOTIN
ONLHOOTERS WHO DESERVED THERE
FATE... JUST AS TATE DESERVED
HIS J. BUT THEY HAD ONE THING IN
COMMON. BILM THE KID THOUGHT,
THE SAME PARENTS; AND HE
COULDN'T WIPE OUT AN ENTIRE
EAMINT























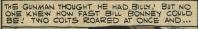




























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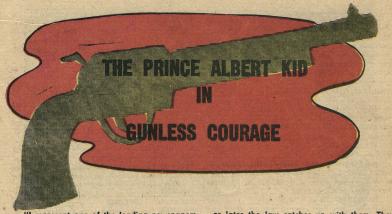
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"I represent one of the leading newspapers in the East," said Walter Burns. "I know there is a top story in this town. But all I get are icy stores. Yesterday one of your leading citizens informed me that it just wasn't a healthy occupation asking too many questions. Come on, sheriff. Tell me what it's all about. The Nevada Terror is here to kill the Prince Albert Kid. Right or wrong?"

Sheriff John Feeny took the half smoked cigar from his mouth and placed it on the ash tray which was on the top of his open desk. He looked carefully at the visitor from the East.

"If the Nevada Terror kills the Prince Albert Kid, then you are right. If he doesn't, then you are wrong. But if bullets start flying in this town of Lodeville, and one gets you, then you might he dead."

The door to the sherift's office was opened. In walked a man who was famous throughout the entire West. He wore a long Prince Albert coat. From his hips swung his two pearl handled Colt's .45. He looked at the two men and smiled.

"I thought somebody mentioned my name as I was passing by. So I stopped in to check."

"The name is Walter Burns," said the reporter. "My paper sent me here to get a story. About a shooting that's going to take place this afternoon. Please, tell me what it's all about?"

"Just relax a bit," suggested the Prince Albert Kid, "and I will be more than glad to help you. Most of the West is composed of good honest hard working citizens. They are miners, ranchers, hunters, soldiers, lawyers, doctors, business men, and those who have a bit of adventure inside of them. We also have what you might call "Bad Men" back East. But sooner

or later the law catches up with them. They either spend a long time behind the bars of a long of the bars of a long time behind the bars of a long time behind the bars of a few people that can be called, "Want-to-be-Bad-Men." A man by the name of Jack Higgins is in town. He comes from Neveada. Calls himself the Nevada Terror. They say he is a crack shot. I never saw him shoot a gun. They say that if I enter the Big Drink Casino at three this afternoon, he will be there. And that he will kill me. Why? Because Jack Higgins thinks he will make a reputation for himself as the biggest Bad Man of the West."

"Are you going to be inside that place at three this afternoon?" interrupted the reporter.

"I represent the law," continued the Prince Albert Kid. "I go wherever I may lawfully go. If Jack Higgins tells me he has challenged me to a shooting match, I shall arrest him. The invitation to a duel or the duel itself are both illegad in this state. Simple isn't it?"

Before the reporter could decide how to answer that last question, the famous man of the West had left. He was about to follow him when he felt the restraining hand of the sheriff.

"Stay here and be my guest. Have lunch with me. Then at about two thirty I will escort you to the Big Drink Casino."

In a room of the Lodeville Hotel, a big powerful man was seated at a table. Across his left cheek was a scar. On the table was his gun belt. In his hands he held his two revolvers. There was a knock on the door.

"Come on in," said Jack Higgins. "There are two guns facing you. State your business and then leave."

A tall thin young man entered and looked at the two guns. He ignored them and spoke.

"You know me, Jack Higgins, My name is Pete Conal. I once thought I was the top man in Tombstone. Got into a gun fight and was arrested by the Prince Albert Kid. He took me to the county seat. I was tied on my horse. A mountain lion went for me. He killed that critter with one shot right between the eyes. I didn't even see him go for his gun. Sure, I spent three years behind bars. I learned a lot. Now I stick to the right path. Just remember this. He saved my life. I have no grudge against him. If you want to die today, you are going to do that because you can't win. If you do kill the Prince Albert Kid, the law will get you with a lot of his friends to help track you down wherever you go. That's all."

Jack Higgins looked silently at the departing figure. Then he holstered both of his guns and went downstairs. In the lobby, he saw a stout man that looked familiar.

"Hello, Jed," he said to him.

"Hello, Jack," replied the other man. "They told me you were here. Walk with me to the side where we will be alone. Something I want to tell you."

Jack Higgins walked with Jed Simpson to a side entrance and they were alone. He was a bit upset.

"Time is running short, so I'll say my piece and it will be brief," began Jed Simpson. "I am a rancher now and only do things the honest way. When I was serving my term, I escaped. The Prince Albert Kid went after me. Found me in the desert. On the way back we went smack right into the middle of a group of renegade Apaches. I saw him handle those guns. You'll be dead before you even touch a gun. And don't think that if you could even get a lucky shot, you would live. I got six of my boys from the ranch in town with me. Get out of here, you fool, before it's too late."

With that warning, Jed Simpson left Jack Higgins. The Bad Man was shaken. He walked along the Main Street conscious that every eye was on him. Then he entered the Big Drink Casino. Men backed away from him as though he were the plague. He looked around for one friendly face. Every person there was definitely hostile to him. He wet his lips. The door was opened and in walked the Prince Albert Kid. Jack Higains knew it was now or never.

"I am going to count three. We both go for our guns," he challenged. "The West will know who is the better man. They . . ." he stopped talking. You could see his eyes had a startled look in them. And why not?

For there were no six shooters in the two holsters worn by the Prince Albert Kid. He was unarmed! Jack Higgins started to tremble. He had never anticipated such a situation.

"The moment you go for your guns, I will

place you under arrest for creating a disturbance in a public place," said the Prince Albert Kid. "I don't need guns for your kind. Believe me, before you get your gun out of your holster, I will get it myself."

You could have heard a pin drop in that place. Every man was tense. For this kind of a show down they had not been prepared. They had expected the famous man of the West to show some of his best shooting. The Prince Albert Kid came closer to Jack Higgins.

"You are nothing but a fool," he told him. "Yet you got yourself into this situation. Figured that people would respect you if you shot me. Sort of caught, aren't you? That's not a bad sign, either. You would have to be a rattle-snake to kill an unarmed man. So that means there is some good in you. Listen carefully. Put your hands up and I will remove your guns. Otherwise you will never make it."

Jack Higgins could feel the sweat going down his forehead. If wishes could do things, he was wishing himself a million miles away. He started to lift his two hands up to the ceil-ing. Then he suddenly changed his mind. Down they went for the auns in his holsters.

Like a mountain lion poised for the jump, the Prince Albert Kid went into action. His right hand caught the left hand of Jack Higgins. He pulled the Bad Man down and then up. And he spun him around twice and at the same time went for the gun in the left holster. Jack Higgins hit the floor dazed. He was facing his own gun in the hand of the Prince Albert Kid.

"Go ahead and kill me," he pleaded. "I got it coming to me. I'll be the laughing stock of the West."

"No you won't, my son," said the voice of an old man who came up to him. "I tried my best to knock some sense into your head. He could have killed you. I pleaded with him to spare you. He has real guts. Gunless guts! He's a man even without a gun. Now come on home with me and try to spend the rest of your days learning to be a real man not a fake Bad Man."

Jack Higgins took the hand of his father and started to leave the Casino. The Prince Albert Kid went up and handed back the gun to him.

"I'm not arresting you," he told him. "You have a lot of things to straighten out with yourself. When you are ready, get in touch with me. I'll help you."

Within twenty years, Jack Higgins became a successful business man in the West. He never carried a gun with him. He had learned an important lesson of life: "The greatest weapon a man can carry is the confidence of being on the right side of the law."

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THEIR FIRST NICTIM WAS AGED RANCHER NAMED WILSON! HES EASY ...





OBJECT THEN JOE HEALY HIT TOWN ... ANOTHER DUDE FOR MIKE ZERO TO ROB...













THE KIRD S OF SATANY O CONTROL TO GET IT HE SO GET IT HE SO GET IT HE SO WHAT HE SO WHAT

POT!
HE DIDN'T
CARE IF
HE HAD
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OR NOT.













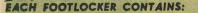






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I SHOOK THE POSSE OFF MY
TRAIL RIGHT-QUICK! AFTER
HAT, A LITTLE MOSSEYING
AROUND WAS ALL I NEEDED TO FIND OUT THAT
YOU'RE THE BAD ACTOR!



BEHIG A GOOD HAND WITH GREASE PAINT, YOU SAN YOUR CHANCE TO PULL OFF A PASSEL OF JOBS, AND HAVE PEOPLE THINK IT WAS ME! BUT THEN YOU HEARD THAT THE REAL KID HAD SHOWED UP IN SANTOOTH JUNCTION, AND NOW HAD A POSSE HOT ON HIS TRAIL...

































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